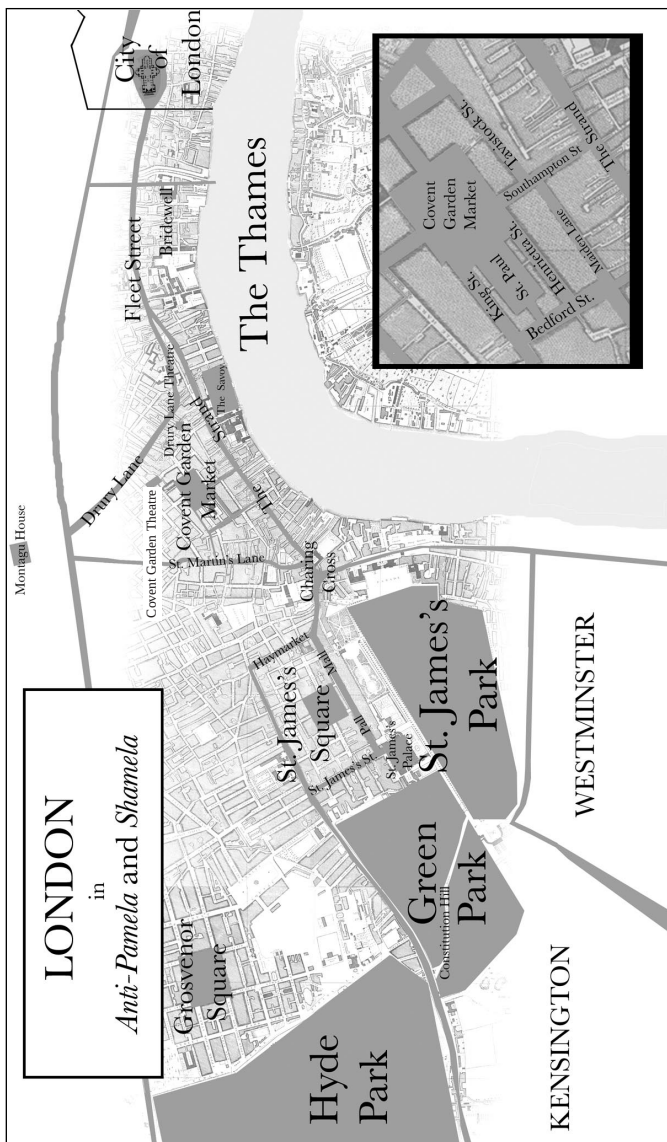


The Map of London in Shamela



AN
A P O L O G Y
FOR THE
L I F E
OF

Mrs. SHAMELA ANDREWS.

In which, the many notorious FALSHOODS and
MISREPRESENTATIONS¹ of a Book called

P A M E L A,

Are exposed and refuted; and all the matchless ARTS of that
young Politician, set in a true and just Light.

Together with

A full Account of all that passed between her and Parson *Arthur Williams*; whose Character is represented in a manner something different from that which he bears in *PAMELA*. The whole being exact Copies of authentick Papers delivered to the Editor.

Necessary to be had in all FAMILIES.

By Mr. CONNY KEYBER.²

LONDON:

Printed for A. DODD,³ at the *Peacock*, without *Temple-bar*.

M. DCC. XLI.

- 1 These typographical errors appear, uncorrected, in the second edition.
- 2 The title, like certain elements of the book, parody Colley Cibber's autobiography, *An Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber*, published in 1740. The created name on the title page, like most of the puns in the text, works on many levels. First, "Conny," a corruption of Colley, suggests both the term "cony" or "coney," a simpleton, and "cunny," a slang term for pudendum (Partridge). The name Keyber similarly functions as a corruption of Cibber. Additionally, "Conny" sounds similar to the first name of Conyers Middleton, whose dedication to *The Life of Cicero* Fielding also parodies.
- 3 This colophon refers to Anne Dodd Jr., the daughter of Anne Dodd who was a leading distributor of pamphlets and newspapers in Westminster. While both women were associated with the sale of scurrilous materials (such as those published by Edmund Curll), it is increasingly clear that they were important in disseminating opposition papers such as the *Craftsman* and the Jacobite *Mist's Weekly Journal*. The appearance of her name serves Fielding's purpose in at least two ways: it aligns this parody—and thus *Pamela* itself—with the ephemeral texts of lower prestige; it also signals the opposition to Walpole implicit, and at times explicit, in this satire.

To Miss Fanny, &c.¹

MADAM,

IT will be naturally expected, that when I write the Life of *Shamela*, I should dedicate it to some young Lady, whose Wit and Beauty might be the proper Subject of a Comparison with the Heroine of my Piece. This, those, who see I have done it in prefixing your Name to my Work, will much more confirmedly expect me to do; and, indeed, your Character would enable me to run some Length into a Parallel, tho' you, nor any one else, are at all alike the matchless *Shamela*.²

You see, Madam, I have some Value for your Good-nature, when in a Dedication, which is properly a Panegyrick, I speak against, not for you; but I remember it is a Life which I am presenting you, and why should I expose my Veracity to any Hazard in the Front of the Work, considering what I have done in the Body. Indeed, I wish it was possible to write a Dedication, and get any thing by it, without one Word of Flattery; but since it is not, come on, and I hope to shew my Delicacy at least in the Compliments I intend to pay you.

First, then, Madam, I must tell the World, that you have tickled up and brightned many Strokes in this Work by your Pencil.

1 "Fanny" was the sobriquet commonly applied to John, Lord Hervey, Baron Ickworth (1696-1743) to whom Conyers Middleton dedicated *The Life of Cicero* (1741). A successful courtier, a supporter of Walpole and an infamous bi-sexual, Hervey was also the subject of Pope's satire, most notably the portrait of Sporus in *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (cf. lines 305-333). Like Pope, Fielding viewed Hervey as emblematic of the debasement of political culture, morality, and taste. "Fanny," a diminutive of Frances, was also slang for the female pudendum and is one in a continuing series of complex and intricate allusions and puns that Fielding uses throughout the text. And, as Hawley observes, "Fielding's 'Ec' underlines the sexual suggestion (cf. Tickletext's 'a poor Girl's little, &c,' below), while also mocking the formality of Middleton's address: 'To the Right Honourable John Lord Hervey, Lord Keeper of His Majesty's Privy Seal.'" Fielding mocks the dedication, which appears in Appendix C.3, in almost every paragraph.

2 Middleton writes, "The public will naturally expect, that in chusing a Patron for *the Life of CICERO*, I should address myself to some person of illustrious rank, distinguished by his parts and eloquence, and bearing a principal share in the great affairs of the Nation; who, according to the usual stile of Dedications, might be the proper subject of a comparison with the Hero of my piece."

Secondly, You have intimately conversed¹ with me, one of the greatest Wits and Scholars of my Age.

Thirdly, You keep very good Hours, and frequently spend an useful Day before others begin to enjoy it. This I will take my Oath on; for I am admitted to your Presence in a Morning before other People's Servants are up;² when I have constantly found you reading in good Books; and if ever I have drawn you upon me, I have always felt you very heavy.

Fourthly, You have a Virtue which enables you to rise early and study hard, and that is, forbearing to over-eat yourself, and this in spite of all the luscious Temptations of Puddings and Custards, exciting the Brute (as Dr. Woodward³ calls it) to rebel. This is a Virtue which I can greatly admire, though I much question whether I could imitate it.

Fifthly, A Circumstance greatly to your Honour, that by means of your extraordinary Merit and Beauty; you was carried into the Ball-Room at the Bath, by the discerning Mr. Nash;⁴ before the Age that other young Ladies generally arrived at that Honour, and while your Mamma herself existed in her perfect Bloom. Here you was observed in Dancing to balance your Body exactly, and to weigh every Motion with the exact and equal Measure of Time and Tune; and though you sometimes made a false Step, by leaning too much to one Side;⁵ yet

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- 1 To have sexual intercourse. Each of the points uses sexual, at times masturbatory, imagery to suggest the inappropriate reaction to the text.
 - 2 Middleton writes, "in those early hours, when all around You are hushed in sleep, seize the opportunity of that quiet, as the most favourable season of study, and frequently spend an usefull day, before others begin to enjoy it."
 - 3 Dr. John Woodward (1665-1728) wrote an oft-ridiculed treatise, *The State of Physic and of Diseases, with an Inquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Them* (1718), in which he traced "all the evils of civilization—sickness, stupidity, poverty, faction, rebelliousness, atheism—to one cause: the rich pastries and seasoned meats and sauces of 'the New Cookery' (See *State of Physic*, Section 47)" (Battestein). Fielding is also mocking Middleton, who (with an implicit reference to Woodward) praises Hervey for his "singular temperance in diet ... superior to every temptation, that can excite an appetite to rebel."
 - 4 Richard "Beau" Nash (1674-1762) was appointed the master of ceremonies in the resort town of Bath in 1704 and in that capacity he had a profound effect on fashion and on social interactions.
 - 5 An allusion to Hervey's politics. Fielding substitutes dancing for politics, while suggesting that Hervey votes too often in favor of Walpole. By contrast, Middleton claims Hervey was successful "in maintaining the rights of the people, yet asserting the prerogative of the Crown; measuring them both by the equal balance of the laws."

every body said you would one Time or other, dance perfectly well, and uprightly.

Sixthly, I cannot forbear mentioning those pretty little Sonnets, and sprightly Compositions, which though they came from you with so much Ease, might be mentioned to the Praise of a great or grave Character.¹

And now, Madam, I have done with you; it only remains to pay my Acknowledgments to an Author, whose Stile I have exactly followed in this Life, it being the properest for Biography. The Reader, I believe, easily guesses, I mean *Euclid's Elements*;² it was *Euclid* who taught me to write. It is you, Madam, who pay me for Writing.³ Therefore I am to both,

*A most Obedient, and
obliged humble Servant,*

CONNY KEYBER.

LETTERS
TO THE
EDITOR.

The EDITOR to *HIMSELF*.⁴

Dear SIR,

HOWEVER you came by the excellent *Shamela*, out with it, without

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- 1 Middleton praises Hervey for “the sprightly compositions of various kinds, with which Your Lordship has often entertained.”
 - 2 Euclid wrote the *Elements*, a thirteen-book treatise in which he compiled and systematically arranged many of the major mathematical results known in his day. Beginning with a list of definitions, postulates, and axioms, he proved one proposition after another, basing each proof only on those results that had preceded it. This axiomatic method—basing each proof only on those results that had preceded it—is the essence of biography to which “Keyber” refers. The reference to Euclid also underscores a frequent complaint about *Pamela*—that she never changed, that assumptions about her subsequent action were made exclusively on her previous action. Additionally, as Goldberg observes (274–5), Fielding was also alluding to the lack of clarity in Euclid’s prose.
 - 3 Middleton writes, “it was Cicero who instructed me to write; Your Lordship, who rewards me for Writing.”
 - 4 The first edition of *Pamela* contained a series of “puffs,” inflated praise or commendation, written to influence public estimation. Fielding insinuates Richardson wrote them; Reverend William Webster is also thought to be the author. The second edition, published 14 February 1741, contained an introduction that drew on letters Aaron Hill sent to Richardson. Richardson was widely criticized for these self-congratulatory pieces that Fielding parodies so effectively.

Fear or Favour, Dedication and all; believe me, it will go through many Editions, be translated into all Languages, read in all Nations and Ages, and to say a bold Word, it will do more good than the C——y have done harm in the World.¹

I am, Sir,
Sincerely your Well-wisher,
YOURSELF.

JOHN PUFF, *Esq; to the* EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE read your *Shamela* through and through, and a most inimitable Performance it is. Who is he, what is he that could write so excellent a Book? he must be doubtless most agreeable to the Age, and to *his Honour* himself; for he is able to draw every thing to Perfection but Virtue. Whoever the Author be, he hath one of the worst and most fashionable Hearts in the World, and I would recommend to him, in his next Performance, to undertake the Life of *his Honour*. For he who drew the Character of Parson *Williams*, is equal to the Task; nay he seems to have little more to do than to pull off the Parson's Gown, and *that* which makes him so agreeable to *Shamela*, and the Cap will fit.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
JOHN PUFF.

Note, Reader, several other COMMENDATORY LETTERS and COPIES of VERSES will be prepared against the NEXT EDITION.²

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- 1 C——y is “clergy.” Allegedly Pope observed that *Pamela* “will do more good than many volumes of sermons,” a remark conveyed to Richardson by James Leake and circulated subsequently in the coffee houses (James Leake to Richardson, February 1741, quoted in McKillop, *Samuel Richardson*, 50). In another February 1741 letter to Richardson, George Cheyne similarly reported that Pope “read *Pamela* with great Approbation and Pleasure. . . and says it will do more good than a great many of the new Sermons” (Cheyne quoted in McKillop, 50).
 - 2 A reference to Richardson’s inclusion of the additional letters and puffs in the second edition published 14 February 1741. Three more editions were published within the year (third edition in March, fourth edition in May, and fifth edition in September), with a sixth octavo edition published in 1742.

AN
APOLOGY
For the LIFE of
Mrs. SHAMELA ANDREWS.¹

*Parson TICKLETEXT to Parson OLIVER.*²

Rev. SIR,

HEREWITH I transmit you a Copy of sweet, dear, pretty *Pamela*, a little Book which this Winter hath produced; of which, I make no Doubt, you have already heard mention from some of your Neighbouring Clergy; for we have made it our common Business here, not only to cry it up, but to preach it up likewise: The Pulpit, as well as the Coffee-house,³ hath resounded with its Praise, and it is expect-

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- 1 The title is a parody of Colley Cibber's autobiography, *An Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber* (1740). For an excerpt from *An Apology*, see Appendix C.4. The substitution of the name "Shamela" for *Pamela*, like the substitution of "vartue" for virtue, goes to the heart of Fielding's satiric enterprise. A "sham" is any kind of trick or fraud; something devised to impose upon, delude, or disappoint expectation (*OED*). The counterfeit nature of "sham," and the reasons for shamming, often places it in a commercial context (which is, of course, appropriate here). *Pamela* herself uses the word "sham": "Perchance, some Sham-marriage may be design'd, on purpose to ruin me:" (179) (cf. also 228, 241, et. al.).
 - 2 These names, like most of the allusions in this satire, have multiple layers of meaning. Grose and Partridge both note that tickle-text is a (rather obscure) term for a parson, but Fielding seems to also be probing the multiple meanings of tickle. To tickle is to "puzzle" or decipher a text, but it also suggests a kind of excitement or pleasant stimulation (*OED*). If one is easily tickled, one is easily moved to feeling, easily affected, or not firm or steadfast. Those possibilities suggest both the quasi-masturbatory way Tickletext reads *Pamela* and the credulity with which he engages the text. Oliver is a common surname and was, in fact, the surname of Fielding's childhood Latin teacher. As discussed in the Introduction, this sequence of letters parodies the numerous commendations *Pamela* received from the clergy that appeared in revised editions of the text.
 - 3 The pervasive popularity and the secular and religious communities' endorsement of *Pamela* (with obvious commercial benefits for Richardson and those who joined the *Pamela*-frenzy) were central to Fielding's satire.

ed shortly, that his L——p will recommend it in a —— Letter to our whole Body.¹

And this Example, I am confident, will be imitated by all our Cloth in the Country: For besides speaking well of a Brother, in the Character of the Reverend Mr. *Williams*, the useful and truly religious Doctrine of *Grace* is every where inculcated.²

This Book is the “SOUL of *Religion*, Good-Breeding, Discretion, Good-Nature, Wit, Fancy, Fine Thought, and Morality. There is an Ease, a natural Air, a dignified Simplicity, and MEASURED FULLNESS in it, that RESEMBLING LIFE, OUT-GLOWS IT. The Author hath reconciled the *pleasing* to the *proper*; the Thought is every where exactly clothed by the Expression; and becomes its Dress as *roundly* and as close as *Pamela* her Country Habit; or as *she* doth her *no Habit*, when modest Beauty seeks to hide itself, by casting off the Pride of Ornament, and displays itself without any Covering;”³ which it frequently doth in this admirable Work, and presents Images to the Reader, which the coldest Zealot cannot read without Emotion.

For my own Part (and, I believe, I may say the same of all the Clergy of my Acquaintance) “I have done nothing but read it to others, and hear others again read it to me, ever since it came into my

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- 1 “His Lordship is Edmund Gibson (1669–1748), a pious and conscientious divine who, after his appointment as Bishop of London in 1723, wrote frequent ‘pastoral’ letters to the clergy of his diocese” (Battestin 368). Gibson was not alone in his endorsement. Dr. Benjamin Slocock had recommend *Pamela* to his congregation at St. Saviour’s Southwark; in reaction, in January 1741 Aaron Hill wrote Richardson “I am charmed by ye brave Independence of Taste in this generous Doctor!” (quoted in McKillop 47).
 - 2 “...Grace was a key term in the Evangelical or Methodist movement of the 1730s led by George Whitefield (1714–70) and Charles (1707–80) and John (1703–91) Wesley. The Calvinist Whitefield, even more than the Wesleys, maintained that God bestowed saving Grace on the Elect, or those who had faith in him, regardless of works (good deeds). Fielding asserted that this inward-looking doctrine sanctioned immorality; he repeatedly attacks Whitefield and dwells on the opposition between faith and works” (Hawley). Grace also appears repeatedly in *Pamela*, especially in Pamela’s letters from her parents.
 - 3 Here, and throughout these faux letters, Fielding is using, verbatim, parts of the letters and other prefatory material added to the second edition of *Pamela*. Fielding recontextualizes and selectively excerpts in order to highlight the absurdity of the puffs and heighten the innuendo implicit in Richardson’s text (and laid bare in Fielding’s).

Hands; and I find I am like to do nothing else, for I know not how long yet to come: because if I lay the Book down *it comes after me*. When it has dwelt all Day long upon the Ear, it takes Possession all Night of the Fancy. It hath Witchcraft in every Page of it.”—Oh! I feel an Emotion even while I am relating this: Methinks I see *Pamela* at this Instant, with all the Pride of Ornament cast off.¹

“Little Book, charming *Pamela*, get thee gone; face the World, in which thou wilt find nothing like thyself.” Happy would it be for Mankind, if all other Books were burnt, that we might do nothing but read thee all Day, and dream of thee all Night. Thou alone art sufficient to teach us as much Morality as we want. Dost thou not teach us to pray, to sing Psalms, and to honour the Clergy? Are not these the whole Duty of Man?² Forgive me, O Author of *Pamela*, mentioning the Name of a Book so unequal to thine: But, now I think of it, who is the Author, where is he, what is he, that hath hitherto been able to hide such an encircling, all-mastering Spirit, “he possesses every Quality that Art could have charm’d by: yet hath lent it to and concealed it in Nature. The Comprehensiveness of his Imagination must be truly prodigious! It has stretched out this diminutive mere Grain of Mustard-seed (a poor Girl’s little, &c.) into a Resemblance of that Heaven, which the best of good Books has compared it to.”³

To be short, this Book will live to the Age of the Patriarchs, and like them will carry on the good Work many hundreds of Years hence, among our Posterity, who will not HESITATE their Esteem

- 1 While Fielding is indicating Tickletext’s prurient interest (and his ability to envisage *Pamela* naked “with all the Pride of Ornament cast off”), Fielding is again paraphrasing Richardson’s own words from the preface to the second edition: “When modest Beauty seeks to hide itself by casting off the *Pride of Ornament*, it but displays itself without a Covering.” The attitudes expressed in this letter capture Fielding’s worst fear regarding the cultural willingness to abandon appropriate conduct books and embrace the questionable moralizing of *Pamela*.
- 2 Richard Allestree (1619–1681), *The Whole Duty of Man*. The following line alludes to the common attitude that *Pamela*, as a conduct book, had the force of Richard Allestree’s text, *The Whole Duty of Man*. For representative excerpts, see Appendix D.1.
- 3 This section is quoted exactly from the second edition of *Pamela* except for the substitution of “(a poor Girl’s little, &c.)” for “(a poor Girl’s little, innocent Story).” Here, and throughout *Shamela*, “Etc.” in its many forms (&c, Et caetera) alludes to a slang term for female genitalia making a bawdy parenthetical that suggests the male readers’ real interests.

with Restraint. If the *Romans* granted Exemptions to Men who begat a *few* Children for the Republick, what Distinction (if Policy and we should ever be reconciled) should we find to reward this Father of Millions, which are to owe Formation to the future Effect of his Influence.—I feel another Emotion.

As soon as you have read this yourself five or six Times over (which may possibly happen within a Week) I desire you would give it to my little God-Daughter, as a Present from me. This being the only Education we intend henceforth to give our Daughters. And pray let your Servant-Maids read it over, or read it to them.¹ Both your self and the neighbouring Clergy, will supply yourselves for the Pulpit from the Booksellers, as soon as the fourth Edition is published. I am,

Sir,
Your most humble Servant,
THO. TICKLETEXT.

Parson OLIVER to Parson TICKLETEXT.

Rev. SIR,

I Received the Favour of yours with the inclosed Book, and really must own myself sorry, to see the Report I have heard of an epidemical Phrenzy now raging in Town, confirmed in the Person of my Friend.

If I had not known your Hand, I should, from the Sentiments and Stile of the Letter, have imagined it to have come from the Author of the famous Apology, which was sent me last Summer; and on my reading the remarkable Paragraph of *measured Fulness, that resembling Life out-glows it*, to a young Baronet, he cry'd out, *C—ly C—b—r* by *G—*.² But I have since observed, that this, as well as many other Expressions in your Letter, was borrowed from those remarkable Epistles, which the Author, or the Editor hath prefix'd to the second Edition which you send me of his Book.

Is it possible that you or any of your Function can be in earnest, or think the Cause of Religion, or Morality, can want such slender Sup-

1 Fielding is both alluding to the pervasive popularity of Richardson's text and to its particular (and to his mind, inappropriate) appeal to female domestics who had marginal literacy rates. Similarly, the earlier claim to be able to read the novel five or six times in a week aligns it with amatory fiction which was ephemeral, briefer, and more easily consumed.

2 "Colley Cibber by God."

port? God forbid they should. As for Honour to the Clergy, I am sorry to see them so solicitous about it; for if worldly Honour be meant, it is what their Predecessors in the pure and primitive Age, never had or sought. Indeed the secure Satisfaction of a good Conscience, the Approbation of the Wise and Good, (which never were or will be the Generality of Mankind) and the extatick Pleasure of contemplating, that their Ways are acceptable to the Great Creator of the Universe, will always attend those, who really deserve these Blessings: But for worldly Honours, they are often the Purchase of Force and Fraud, we sometimes see them in an eminent Degree possessed by Men, who are notorious for Luxury, Pride, Cruelty, Treachery, and the most abandoned Prostitution; Wretches who are ready to invent and maintain Schemes repugnant to the Interest, the Liberty, and the Happiness of Mankind, not to supply their Necessities, or even Conveniences, but to pamper their Avarice and Ambition. And if this be the Road to worldly Honours, God forbid the Clergy should be even suspected of walking in it.

The History of *Pamela* I was acquainted with long before I received it from you, from my Neighbourhood to the Scene of Action. Indeed I was in hopes that young Woman would have contented herself with the Good-fortune she hath attained; and rather suffered her little Arts to have been forgotten than have revived their Remembrance, and endeavoured by perverting and misrepresenting Facts to be thought to deserve what she now enjoys: for though we do not imagine her the Author of the Narrative itself, yet we must suppose the Instructions were given by her, as well as the Reward, to the Composer. Who that is, though you so earnestly require of me, I shall leave you to guess from that *Ciceronian* Eloquence, with which the Work abounds; and that excellent Knack of making every Character amiable, which he lays his hands on.¹

But before I send you some Papers relating to this Matter, which will set *Pamela* and some others in a very different Light, than that in which they appear in the printed Book, I must beg leave to make some few Remarks on the Book itself, and its Tendency, (admitting it to be a true Relation,) towards improving Morality, or doing any good, either to the present Age, or Posterity: which when I have done, I shall, I flatter myself, stand excused from delivering it, either into the hands of my Daughter, or my Servant-Maid.

The Instruction which it conveys to Servant-Maids, is, I think, very plainly this, To look out for their Masters as sharp as they can. The

1 Another allusion to Middleton's dedication to Hervey.

Consequences of which will be, besides Neglect of their Business, and the using all manner of Means to come at Ornaments of their Persons, that if the Master is not a Fool, they will be debauched by him; and if he is a Fool, they will marry him. Neither of which, I apprehend, my good Friend, we desire should be the Case of our Sons.

And notwithstanding our Author's Professions of Modesty, which in my Youth I have heard at the Beginning of an Epilogue, I cannot agree that my Daughter should entertain herself with some of his Pictures; which I do not expect to be contemplated without Emotion, unless by one of my Age and Temper, who can see the Girl lie on her Back, with one Arm round Mrs. *Jewkes* and the other round the Squire, naked in Bed, with his Hand on her Breasts, &c. with as much Indifference as I read any other Page in the whole Novel.¹ But surely this, and some other Descriptions, will not be put into the hands of his Daughter by any wise Man, though I believe it will be difficult for him to keep them from her; especially if the Clergy in Town have cried and preached it up as you say.

But, my Friend, the whole Narrative is such a Misrepresentation of Facts, such a Perversion of Truth, as you will, I am perswaded, agree, as soon as you have perused the Papers I now inclose to you, that I hope you or some other well-disposed Person, will communicate these Papers to the Publick, that this little Jade may not impose on the World, as she hath on her Master.

The true name of this Wench was SHAMELA, and not *Pamela*, as she stiles herself. Her Father had in his Youth the Misfortune to appear in no good Light at the *Old-Bailey*;² he afterwards served in the Capacity of a Drummer in one of the *Scotch* Regiments in the *Dutch* Service;³

1 This passage, with its use of the obscene allusion &c., contains detail that also suggests that even a man of Oliver's "age and temper" can't contemplate *Pamela* "without emotion." The attempted rape in *Pamela* appears in Appendix B.1.

2 The Old Bailey is England's most important crown court and became known as the Central Criminal Court. To identify Shamela's father as someone who was tried at the Old Bailey is to identify him as a thief.

3 "In 1665, when war broke out between England and the Netherlands, the Dutch Republic compelled the British regiments that had been serving them to swear allegiance to Holland against their native land, or be cashiered. The English refused, but the Scotch complied and remained in the Dutch service for a century. The allusion here thus, in effect, makes Shamela's father a traitor to his country" (Battestin 369). Note too that he is a "drummer," not an actual soldier making him a traitor, a mercenary and, possibly, a coward.

where being drummed out, he came over to *England*, and turned Informer against several Persons on the late Gin-Act;¹ and becoming acquainted with an Hostler at an Inn, where a *Scotch* Gentleman's Horses stood, he hath at last by his Interest obtain'd a pretty snug Place in the *Custom-house*.² Her Mother sold Oranges in the Play-House;³ and whether she was married to her Father or no, I never could learn.

After this short Introduction, the rest of her History will appear in the following Letters, which I assure you are authentick.

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- 1 Parliament passed Gin Acts in 1733, 1736, 1737, and 1738. All relied on informers for enforcement. The Acts of 1736, 1737, and 1738 provided sufficient financial incentive to recruit professional informers. As Warner and Ivis detail, "In the case of the Gin Acts of 1733, 1736, 1737, and 1738, informers received £5 for each conviction. This was, by contemporary standards, a small fortune, exceeding the annual wages of many female domestics in the capital" (303). Parliament enacted two supplemental Gin Acts, in June 1737, and in June 1738. "The two Acts specifically targeted 'persons of little or no substance,' toward which end they authorized the commissioners of Excise to pay informers £5 when convicted retailers refused to do so themselves. . . . The Gin Act of 1738 also made it a felony to attack an informer, the punishment for which was seven years' transportation to the colonies in America." Jessica Warner and Frank Ivis, "'Damn You, You Informing Bitch.' *Vox Populi* and the Unmaking of the Gin Act of 1736," *Journal of Social History* 33.2 (1999): 306.
 - 2 The Custom-house, the site of the customs office, offered many opportunities for bribery and other profitable, albeit illegal, activity.
 - 3 The orange-girls were a fixture in the Restoration and eighteenth-century playhouse. They sold oranges at concessions in the pit of the theatre, occupying a marginal position that equated them with prostitutes, which they often were. Indeed, during the Restoration, "orange" became slang for the female pudendum.

LETTER I.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to Mrs. HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA
ANDREWS at her Lodgings at the Fan and Pepper-Box in
Drury-Lane.¹

Dear Mamma,

THIS comes to acquaint you, that I shall set out in the Waggon on *Monday*, desiring you to commodate me with a Ludgin, as near you as possible, in *Coulstin's-Court*, or *Wild-Street*, or somewhere thereabouts; pray let it be handsome, and not above two Stories high:² For Parson *Williams* hath promised to visit me when he comes to Town, and I have got a good many fine Cloaths of the Old Put³ my Mistress's, who died a wil ago; and I beleve Mrs. *Jervis* will come along with me, for she says she would like to keep a House somewhere about *Short's-Gardens*, or towards *Queen-Street*; and if there was convenience for a *Bannio*, she should like it the better; but that she will settle herself when she comes to Town.⁴—*O! How*

- 1 Although Mrs. Andrews shares her name with Charles I's wife, Queen Henrietta Maria of France (1609–69), she shares an address with the prostitutes that haunted London's subculture. Drury Lane, like Covent Garden, was a notorious location for prostitutes, and everything about the address builds on that idea. "Box" was slang for a small drinking place, or a compartment partitioned off in the public room of a coffee-house or tavern. "To pepper" is to infect with venereal disease. "Pepper-box" is a phrase contemptuously applied to a small turret or cupola, perhaps alluding to the size of Mrs. Andrews's dwelling. To "fan" is slang for either "to beat" or "to feel, handle" (Partridge)—either one suggesting the kinds of services a prostitute could provide. Additionally "fan" suggests "fanny," discussed above, as well a fan a woman would use as an object of adornment and an instrument of flirtation.
- 2 Anticipating her return to London, Shamela (in her broken spelling) reveals a plan to find lodgings ("Ludgin") in the area of Drury Lane. "Coulstin's Court" is likely Colson's Court, which runs between Drury Lane and Great Wild Street; "Wild Street" *per se*, did not exist, but Great Wild Street, Little Wild Street, and Wild Court were all near Drury Lane. Her desire for a room no more than two stories high is, of course, to facilitate visits from Parson Williams.
- 3 Fool.
- 4 Mrs. Jervis, who will become a procuress ("keep a house") when she arrives in London, will also reside in Drury Lane. "Short's Gardens" and "Queen Street" (known as Great Queen Street) both intersect Drury Lane and share the same milieu. In distinguishing between a "house" of prostitution and a "bannio" or bagnio, Mrs. Jervis is tapping into the

*I long to be in the Balconey at the Old House*¹—so no more at present from

Your affectionate Daughter,
SHAMELA.

LETTER II.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS.

Dear Mamma,

O WHAT News, since I writ my last! the young Squire hath been here, and as sure as a Gun he hath taken a Fancy to me; *Pamela*, says he, (for so I am called here) you was a great Favourite of your late Mistress's; yes, an't please your Honour, says I; and I believe you deserved it, says he; thank your Honour for your good Opinion, says I; and then he took me by the Hand, and I pretended to be shy: Laud, says I, Sir, I hope you don't intend to be rude; no, says he, my Dear, and then he kissed me, 'till he took away my Breath—and I pretended to be Angry, and to get away, and then he kissed me again, and breathed very short, and looked very silly; and by Ill-Luck Mrs. *Jervis* came in, and had like to have spoiled Sport.—*How troublesome is such Interruption!* You shall hear now soon, for I shall not come away yet, so I rest,

Your affectionate Daughter,
SHAMELA.

LETTER III.

HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS to SHAMELA ANDREWS.

Dear Sham,

YOUR last Letter hath put me into a great hurry of Spirits, for you

hierarchy of eighteenth-century prostitution. While a bagnio is, essentially, a house of prostitution, the name also refers to a kind of bathing house, especially one with hot baths, vapor-baths, and appliances for sweating, cupping, and other operations (*OED*). These were often run with great propriety, with separate entrances for men and women. In *Pamela*, B. taunts Pamela with the profits she could make from “Members of Parliament” if she were in a “house” in London (see p. 286). Additionally, in *Shamela*, Mrs. Jervis repeatedly alludes to keeping a house of prostitution in London (e.g., pp. 248, 249).

- 1 The “Old House” refers to the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (presumably where her mother was an orange girl).

have a very difficult Part to act.¹ I hope you will remember your Slip with Parson *Williams*, and not be guilty of any more such Folly. Truly, a Girl who hath once known what is what, is in the highest Degree inexcusable if she respects her *Digressions*;² but a Hint of this is sufficient. When Mrs. *Jervis* thinks of coming to Town, I believe I can procure her a good House, and fit for the Business; so I am,

Your affectionate Mother,

HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS.

LETTER IV.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS.

MARRY come up, good Madam, the Mother had never looked into the Oven for her Daughter, if she had not been there herself. I shall never have done if you upbraid me with having had a small One by *Arthur Williams*, when you yourself—but I say no more. *O! What fine Times when the Kettle calls the Pot.* Let me do what I will, I say my Prayers as often as another, and I read in good Books, as often as I have Leisure; and Parson *William* says, that will make amends.—So no more, but I rest

Your afflicted Daughter,
S——.

LETTER V.

HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS to SHAMELA ANDREWS.

Dear Child,

WHY will you give such way to your Passion? How could you imagine I should be such a Simpleton, as to upbraid thee with being thy Mother's own Daughter! When I advised you not to be guilty of Folly, I meant no more than that you should take care to be well paid

1 Thomas Lockwood suggests that Shamela is decidedly and self-consciously theatrical in her self-representation and fashions herself as “acting” the part of “Pamela.” Mrs. Jervis later claims she “never saw any thing better acted than your part.” Lockwood attributes this language, which appears consistently in the text, to Fielding’s own theatrical experience. See Thomas Lockwood, “Theatrical Fielding.”

2 Giving way to wayward inclinations.

before-hand, and not trust to Promises, which a Man seldom keeps, after he hath had his wicked Will. And seeing you have a rich Fool to deal with, your not making a good Market will be the more inexcusable; indeed, with such Gentlemen as Parson *Williams*, there is more to be said; for they have nothing to give, and are commonly otherwise the best Sort of Men. I am glad to hear you read good Books, pray continue so to do. I have inclosed you one of Mr. *Whitefield's* Sermons, and also the Dealings with him,¹ and am

Your affectionate Mother,
HENRIETTA MARIA, &c.

LETTER VI.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS.

O Madam, I have strange Things to tell you! As I was reading in that charming Book about the Dealings, in comes my Master—to be sure he is a precious One. *Pamela*, says he, what Book is that, I warrant you *Rochester's* Poems.²—No, forsooth, says I, as pertly as I could; why how now Saucy Chops, Boldface, says he—Mighty pretty Words, says I, pert again.—Yes (says he) you are a d——d, impudent, stinking, cursed, confounded Jade, and I have a great Mind to kick your A——.³ You, kiss —— says I. A—gad, says he, and so I will; with that he caught me in his Arms, and kissed me till he made my Face all over Fire. Now this served purely you know, to put upon the

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- 1 George Whitefield (1714–70) was an important figure in the Evangelical or Methodist movement of the 1730s. He allegedly preached more than 18,000 sermons in his lifetime, many of which were published. By having Mrs. Andrews recommend his sermons to Shamela, Fielding is continuing his attack on the principles of Methodism. Fielding is also alluding to the so-called “Trapp Controversy” in which Whitefield was a central figure. Here, and in the next letter, Shamela and her mother refer to Whitefield’s spiritual autobiography, *A Short Account of God’s Dealings with the Reverend Mr. George Whitefield, from his infancy, to the time of his entering into holy orders* (1740).
 - 2 John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, (1647–80) was a courtier, libertine, and poet. While his poetry ranged from the deeply philosophical to the frankly sexual, his work was more consistently associated with the latter.
 - 3 Among the terms Mr. B. uses to describe Pamela are “Idle Slut,” “Foolish Slut,” “Sawcy Slut,” “Foolish Hussy,” “Boldface,” “Sawcebox,” “Silly Girl,” “Pretty Fool,” and “Witch.” He also says “D—n you!” on more than one occasion.

Fool for Anger. O! What precious Fools Men are! And so I flung from him in a mighty Rage, and pretended as how I would go out at the Door; but when I came to the End of the Room, I stood still, and my Master cryed out, Hussy, Slut, Sauce-box, Boldface, come hither—Yes to be sure, says I; why don't you come, says he; what should I come for says I; if you don't come to me, I'll come to you, says he; I shan't come to you I assure you, says I. Upon which he run up, caught me in his Arms, and flung me upon a Chair, and began to offer to touch my Under-Petticoat. Sir, says I, you had better not offer to be rude; well, says he, no more I won't then; and away he went out of the Room. I was so mad to be sure I could have cry'd.

Oh what a prodigious Vexation it is to a Woman to be made a Fool of.

Mrs. *Jervis* who had been without, harkening, now came to me. She burst into a violent Laugh the Moment she came in. Well, says she, as soon as she could speak, I have Reason to bless myself that I am an Old Woman. Ah Child! if you had known the Jolly Blades of my Age, you would not have been left in the lurch in this manner. Dear Mrs. *Jervis*, says I, don't laugh at one; and to be sure I was a little angry with her.—Come, says she, my dear Honey-suckle, I have one Game to play for you; he shall see you in Bed; he shall, my little Rose-bud, he shall see those pretty, little, white, round, panting—and offer'd to pull off my Handkerchief.—Fie, Mrs. *Jervis*, says I, you make me blush, and upon my Fackins,¹ I believe she did: She went on thus. I know the Squire likes you, and notwithstanding the Aukwardness of his Proceeding, I am convinced hath some hot Blood in his Veins, which will not let him rest, 'till he hath communicated some of his Warmth to thee my little Angel; I heard him last Night at our Door, trying if it was open, now to Night I will take care it shall be so; I warrant that he makes the second Trial; which if he doth, he shall find us ready to receive him. I will at first counterfeit Sleep, and after a Swoon; so that he will have you naked in his Possession: and then if you are disappointed, a Plague of all young Squires, say I.—And so, Mrs. *Jervis*, says I, you would have me yield myself to him, would you; you would have me be a second Time a Fool for nothing. Thank you for that, Mrs. *Jervis*. For nothing! marry forbid, says she, you know he hath large Sums of Money, besides abundance of fine Things; and do you think, when you have inflamed him, by giving his Hand a Liberty, with that charming Person; and that you know he may easily think he obtains against your

1 "Upon my Faith!"

Will, he will not give any thing to come at all——. This will not do, Mrs. *Jervis*, answered I. I have heard my Mamma say, (and so you know, Madam, I have) that in her Youth, Fellows have often taken away in the Morning, what they gave over Night. No, Mrs. *Jervis*, nothing under a regular taking into Keeping, a settled Settlement, for me, and all my Heirs, all my whole Lifetime, shall do the Business¹——or else cross-legged, is the Word, faith, with *Sham*; and then I snapt my Fingers.

Thursday Night, Twelve o'Clock.

Mrs. *Jervis* and I are just in Bed, and the Door unlocked; if my Master should come——Odsbobs! I hear him just coming in at the Door. You see I write in the present Tense,² as Parson *Williams* says. Well, he is in Bed between us, we both shamming a Sleep, he steals his Hand into my Bosom, which I, as if in my Sleep, press close to me with mine, and then pretend to awake.—I no sooner see him, but I scream out to Mrs. *Jervis*, she feigns likewise but just to come to herself; we both begin, she to becall, and I to bescratch very liberally. After having made a pretty free Use of my Fingers, without any great Regard to the Parts I attack'd, I counterfeit a Swoon. Mrs. *Jervis* then cries out, O, Sir, what have you done, you have murdered poor *Pamela*: she is gone, she is gone.—³

O what a Difficulty it is to keep one's Countenance, when a violent Laugh desires to burst forth.

The poor Booby frightned out of his Wits, jumped out of Bed, and, in his Shirt, sat down by my Bed-Side, pale and trembling, for the Moon shone, and I kept my Eyes wide open, and pretended to fix them in my Head. Mrs. *Jervis* apply'd Lavender Water, and Hartshorn,⁴ and this, for a full half Hour; when thinking I had carried it on long enough, and being likewise unable to continue the Sport any longer, I began by Degrees to come to my self.

1 Like Syrena, Shamela wants a legal financial arrangement or “settlement” before she will consummate her relationship with Booby.

2 “Odsbobs” is an eighteenth-century reduction and corruption of “Ods Bodkins,” literally “God’s little body” (Partridge). Here Fielding is also parodying Richardson’s description of “writing, to the moment” (Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh, 14 February 1754, *Selected Letters*, 289).

3 For the comparable scene in *Pamela*, see Appendix C.2.ii.

4 Both used as smelling salts.

The Squire who had sat all this while speechless, and was almost really in that Condition, which I feigned, the Moment he saw me give Symptoms of recovering my Senses, fell down on his Knees; and O *Pamela*, cryed he, can you forgive me, my injured Maid? by Heaven, I know not whether you are a Man or a Woman, unless by your swelling Breasts. Will you promise to forgive me: I forgive you! D——n you (says I) and d——n you says he, if you come to that. I wish I had never seen your bold Face, saucy Sow, and so went out of the Room.

O what a silly Fellow is a bashful young Lover!

He was no sooner out of hearing, as we thought, than we both burst into a violent Laugh. Well, says Mrs. *Jervis*, I never saw any thing better acted than your Part: But I wish you may not have discouraged him from any future Attempt; especially since his Passions are so cool, that you could prevent his Hands going further than your Bosom. Hang him, answer'd I, he is not quite so cold as that I assure you; our Hands, on neither side, were idle in the Scuffle, nor have left us any Doubt of each other as to that matter.

Friday Morning.

My Master sent for Mrs. *Jervis*, as soon as he was up, and bid her give an Account of the Plate and Linnen in her Care; and told her, he was resolved that both she and the little Gipsy (I'll assure him) should set out together. Mrs. *Jervis* made him a saucy Answer; which any Servant of Spirit, you know, would, tho' it should be one's Ruin; and came immediately in Tears to me, crying, she had lost her Place on my Account, and that she should be forced to take to a House, as I mentioned before; and that she hoped I would, at least, make her all the amends in my power, for her Loss on my Account, and come to her House whenever I was sent for. Never fear, says I, I'll warrant we are not so near being turned away, as you imagine; and, i'cod,¹ now it comes into my Head, I have a Fetch² for him, and you shall assist me in it. But it being now late, and my Letter pretty long, no more at present from

Your Dutiful Daughter,
SHAMELA.

1 "I'cod" is a trivial oath; a Cockney corruption of "egad" or "in God."

2 A contrivance, dodge, stratagem, or trick (*OED*).

LETTER VII.

MRS. LUCRETIA JERVIS to HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS.

Madam,

MISS *Sham* being set out in a Hurry for my Master's House in *Lincolnshire*, desired me to acquaint you with the Success of her Stratagem, which was to dress herself in the plain Neatness of a Farmer's Daughter, for she before wore the Cloaths of my late Mistress, and to be introduced by me as a Stranger to her Master. To say the Truth, she became the Dress extremely, and if I was to keep a House a thousand Years, I would never desire a prettier Wench in it.¹

As soon as my Master saw her, he immediately threw his Arms round her Neck, and smothered her with Kisses (for indeed he hath but very little to say for himself to a Woman). He swore that *Pamela* was an ugly Slut, (pardon, dear Madam, the Coarseness of the Expression) compared to such divine Excellence. He added, he would turn *Pamela* away immediately, and take this new Girl, whom he thought to be one of his Tenant's Daughters, in her Room.

Miss *Sham* smiled at these Words, and so did your humble Servant, which he perceiving, looked very earnestly at your fair Daughter, and discovered the Cheat.

How, *Pamela*, says he, is it you? I thought, Sir, said Miss, after what had happened, you would have known me in any Dress. No, Hussy, says he, but after what hath happened, I should know thee out of any Dress from all thy Sex. He then was what we Women call rude, when done in the Presence of others; but it seems it is not the first time, and Miss defended herself with great Strength and Spirit.

The Squire, who thinks her a pure Virgin, and who knows nothing of my Character, resolved to send her into *Lincolnshire*, on Pretence of conveying her home; where our old Friend *Nanny Jewkes*² is Housekeeper, and where Miss had her small one by Parson *Williams* about a Year ago. This is a Piece of News communicated to us by *Robin* Coachman, who is intrusted by his Master to carry on this Affair privately for him: But we hang together, I believe, as well as any Family of Servants in the Nation.

1 For the comparable scene in *Pamela*, see Appendix C.2. See also the scene from Eliza Haywood's *Fantomina* in Appendix A.4.

2 *Nanny* is also slang for a whore (Partridge).

You will, I believe, Madam, wonder that the Squire, who doth not want Generosity, should never have mentioned a Settlement all this while, I believe it slips his Memory: But it will not be long forgot, no doubt: For, as I am convinced the young Lady will do nothing unbecoming your Daughter, nor ever admit him to taste her Charms, without something sure and handsome before-hand; so, I am certain, the Squire will never rest till they have danced *Adam* and *Eve's* kissing Dance together. Your Daughter set out Yesterday Morning, and told me, as soon as she arrived, you might depend on hearing from her.

Be pleased to make my Compliments acceptable to Mrs. *Davis* and Mrs. *Silvester*, and Mrs. *Jolly*, and all Friends, and permit me the Honour, Madam, to be with the utmost Sincerity,

*Your most Obedient,
Humble Servant,*
LUCRETIA JERVIS.

If the Squire should continue his Displeasure against me, so as to insist on the Warning he hath given me, you will see me soon, and I will lodge in the same House with you, if you have room, till I can provide for my self to my Liking.

LETTER VIII.

HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS to LUCRETIA JERVIS.

Madam,

I Received the Favour of your Letter, and I find you have not forgot your usual Poluteness, which you learned when you was in keeping with a Lord.

I am very much obliged to you for your Care of my Daughter, am glad to hear she hath taken such good Resolutions, and hope she will have sufficient Grace to maintain them.

All Friends are well, and remember to you. You will excuse the Shortness of this Scroll; for I have sprained my right Hand, with boxing three new made Officers.—Tho' to my Comfort, I beat them all. I rest,

Your Friend and Servant,
HENRIETTA, &c.

LETTER IX.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS.

Dear Mamma,

I Suppose Mrs. *Jervis* acquainted you with what past 'till I left *Bedfordshire*; whence I am after a very pleasant Journey arrived in *Lincolnshire*, with your old Acquaintance Mrs. *Jewkes*, who formerly helped Parson *Williams* to me; and now designs I see, to sell me to my Master; thank her for that; she will find two Words go to that Bargain.

The Day after my Arrival here, I received a Letter from Mr. *Williams*, and as you have often desired to see one from him, I have inclosed it to you; it is, I think, the finest I ever received from that charming Man, and full of a great deal of Learning.

*O! What a brave Thing it is to be a Scholard, and to be able to talk Latin.*¹

Parson WILLIAMS to PAMELA ANDREWS.

Mrs. Pamela,

HAVING learnt by means of my Clerk, who Yesternight visited the Rev^d. Mr. *Peters* with my Commands, that you are returned into this County, I purposed to have saluted your fair Hands this Day towards Even: But am obliged to sojourn this Night at a neighbouring Clergyman's; where we are to pierce a Virgin Barrel of Ale, in a Cup of which I shall not be unmindful to celebrate your Health.

I hope you have remembered your Promise, to bring me a Lead-en Canister of Tobacco (the Saffron Cut) for in Troth, this Country at present affords nothing worthy the replenishing a Tube with.² —Some I tasted the other Day at an Alehouse, gave me the Heart-Burn, tho' I filled no oftner than five Times.

I was greatly concerned to learn, that your late Lady left you nothing, tho' I cannot say the Tidings much surprized me: For I am too intimately acquainted with the Family; (myself, Father, and

1 Shamela does not realize that, as a dead language, Latin cannot be spoken, only written or read.

2 Saffron-cut is a desirable tobacco; in "troth" is a corruption of "truth," revealing Williams's regional origins. A tube is a tobacco pipe. The whole episode, like the letter, reveals the exploitive nature of Williams's relationship with Shamela, as well as his own pursuit of personal pleasure.

Grandfather having been successive Incumbents on the same Cure,¹ which you know is in their Gift) I say, I am too well acquainted with them to expect much from their Generosity. They are in Verity, as worthless a Family as any other whatever. The young Gentleman I am informed, is a perfect Reprobate; that he hath an *Ingenium Versatile*² to every Species of Vice, which, indeed, no one can much wonder at, who animadvert³ on that want of Respect to the Clergy, which was observable in him when a Child. I remember when he was at the Age of Eleven only, he met my Father without either pulling off his Hat, or riding out of the way. Indeed, a Contempt of the Clergy is the fashionable Vice of the Times; but let such Wretches know, they cannot hate, detest, and despise us, half so much as we do them.

However, I have prevailed on myself to write a civil Letter to your Master, as there is a Probability of his being shortly in a Capacity of rendering me a Piece of Service; my good Friend and Neighbour the Rev^d. Mr. *Squeeze-Tithe* being, as I am informed by one whom I have employed to attend for that Purpose, very near his Dissolution.⁴

You see, sweet Mrs. *Pamela*, the Confidence with which I dictate these Things to you; whom after those Endearments which have passed between us, I must in some Respects estimate as my Wife: For tho' the Omission of the Service was a Sin; yet, as I have told you, it was a venial One,⁵ of which I have truly repented, as I hope you have; and also that you have continued the wholesome Office of reading good Books, and are improved in your Psalmody,⁶ of which I shall

1 The spiritual charge of parishioners, the office of a curate (*OED*).

2 The phrase, which means versatile genius or versatile intelligence, initially appears in Livy's *History of Rome* to describe Cato (Book XXXIX, xl, 5). The phrase appears again in Bacon's *Essays*, published in 1597 and newly written in 1625, as well as letters by Montaigne. It is used ironically here to suggest that Booby has a great facility with vice.

3 To comment critically on (*OED*).

4 Williams hopes to receive Squeeze-Tithe's position from Booby. Note how the language and action of the entire paragraph reveal the mercenary and patronage-based nature of the church and of Williams's relationships.

5 A venial sin is a lesser, or "minor" sin; a cardinal sin is a more significant transgression.

6 The practice or art of singing psalms (or sacred vocal music in general), especially in public worship. Much is made of psalmody in *Pamela*. Pamela's father "learnt Psalmody formerly, in his Youth, and had constantly practiced it in private, at home, of Sunday Evenings, (as well as endeavour'd to teach it in the little School he so unsuccessfully set up ...)," so she is "in no Pain for his undertaking it" in Williams's congregation (313).

have a speedy Trial: For I purpose¹ to give you a Sermon next *Sunday*, and shall spend the Evening with you, in Pleasures, which tho' not strictly innocent, are however to be purged away by frequent and sincere Repentance. I am,

Sweet Mrs. Pamela,
Your faithful Servant,
ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

You find, Mamma, what a charming way he hath of Writing, and yet I assure you, that is not the most charming Thing² belonging to him: For, tho' he doth not put any Dears, and Sweetes, and Loves into his Letters, yet he says a thousand of them: For he can be as fond of a Woman, as any Man living.

Sure Women are great Fools, when they prefer a laced Coat to the Clergy, whom it is our Duty to honour and respect.

Well, on *Sunday* Parson Williams came, according to his Promise, and an excellent Sermon he preached; his Text was, *Be not Righteous over-much*;³ and, indeed, he handled it in a very fine way; he shewed us that the Bible doth not require too much Goodness of us, and that People very often call things Goodness that are not so. That to go to Church, and to pray, and to sing Psalms, and to honour the Clergy, and to repent, is true Religion; and 'tis not doing good to one another, for that is one of the greatest Sins we can commit, when we don't do it for the sake of Religion. That those People who talk of Vartue and Morality, are the wickedest of all Persons. That 'tis not what we do, but what we believe, that must save us, and a great many other good Things; I wish I could remember them all.

As soon as Church was over, he came to the Squire's House, and drank Tea with Mrs. Jewkes and me; after which Mrs. Jewkes went out

1 Propose (OED).

2 "Thing" is also slang for genitals.

3 "Be not righteous over much, neither make thyself over wise: why shouldest thou destroy thyself?" *Ecclesiastes* 7:16. The admonition is directed toward Richardson and what might be seen as his self-righteous attitude toward his novel; it also parodies Richardson's own use of the proverb in the "Introduction" to the second edition. Here Williams is using it inappropriately as a license for immorality. However, the phrase is also a key text in the Methodist controversy to which Fielding alludes. Williams preaches on a text that had been first used by Dr. Joseph Trapp in an anti-Methodist (and anti-Whitefield) sermon delivered in April 1739 entitled *The Nature, Folly Sin and Danger of Being Righteous Over-much*.

and left us together for an Hour and half—Oh! he is a charming Man.

After Supper he went Home, and then Mrs. *Jewkes* began to catechize¹ me, about my Familiarity with him. I see she wants him herself. Then she proceeded to tell me what an Honour my Master did me in liking me, and that it was both an inexcusable Folly and Pride in me, to pretend to refuse him any Favour. Pray, Madam, says I, consider I am a poor Girl, and have nothing but my Modesty to trust to. If I part with that, what will become of me. Methinks, says she, you are not so mighty modest when you are with Parson *Williams*; I have observed you gloat² at one another, in a Manner that hath made me blush. I assure you, I shall let the Squire know what sort of Man he is; you may do your Will, says I, as long as he hath a Vote for Pallamant-Men,³ the Squire dares do nothing to offend him; and you will only shew that you are jealous of him, and that's all. How now, Mynx, says she; Mynx! No more Mynx than yourself, says I; with that she hit me a Slap on the Shoulder and I flew at her and scratched her Face, i'cod, 'till she went crying out of the Room; so no more at Present, from

Your Dutiful Daughter,
SHAMELA.

LETTER X.

SHAMELA ANDREWS to HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS.

O Mamma! Rare News! As soon as I was up this Morning, a Letter was brought me from the Squire, of which I send you a Copy.

Squire BOOBY to PAMELA.

Dear Creature,

I HOPE you are not angry with me for the Deceit put upon you, in conveying you to *Lincolnshire*, when you imagined yourself going to *London*. Indeed, my dear *Pamela*, I cannot live without you; and will

1 To question or take to task (*OED*).

2 To gaze with intense or passionate satisfaction, usually implying a lustful pleasure (*OED*).

3 Parliament Men; Booby is campaigning to be elected as a Member of Parliament, and needs Williams's vote. It implicitly demonstrates the way votes were obtained in the rural areas.

very shortly come down and convince you, that my Designs are better than you imagine, and such as you may with Honour comply with. I am,

*My Dear Creature,
Your doating Lover,*
BOOBY.

Now, Mamma, what think you?—For my own Part, I am convinced he will marry me, and faith so he shall. O! Bless me! I shall be Mrs. *Booby*, and be Mistress of a great Estate, and have a dozen Coaches and Six, and a fine House at *London*, and another at *Bath*, and Servants, and Jewels, and Plate, and go to Plays, and Opera's, and Court; and do what I will, and spend what I will. But, poor Parson *Williams*! Well; and can't I see Parson *Williams*, as well after Marriage as before: For I shall never care a Farthing¹ for my Husband. No, I hate and despise him of all Things.

Well, as soon as I had read my Letter, in came Mrs. *Jewkes*. You see, Madam, says she, I carry the Marks of your Passion about me; but I have received Order from my Master to be civil to you, and I must obey him: For he is the best Man in the World, notwithstanding your Treatment of him. My Treatment of him; Madam, says I? Yes, says she, your Insensibility to the Honour he intends you, of making you his Mistress. I would have you to know, Madam, I would not be Mistress to the greatest King, no nor Lord in the Universe. I value my Vartue more than I do any thing my Master can give me; and so we talked a full Hour and a half, about my Vartue; and I was afraid at first, she had heard something about the Bantling,² but I find she hath not; tho' she is as jealous, and suspicious, as old Scratch.³

In the Afternoon, I stole into the Garden to meet Mr. *Williams*; I found him at the Place of his Appointment, and we staid in a kind of Arbour, till it was quite dark. He was very angry when I told him what Mrs. *Jewkes* had threatned—Let him refuse me the Living, says he, if he dares, I will vote for the other Party; and not only so, but will expose him all over the Country. I owe him 150*l.* indeed,

1 The quarter of a penny, or a very small piece of anything.

2 Her child by Williams. Bantling is a synonym of bastard; it refers to a child begotten on a bench, and not in the marriage-bed (Partridge).

3 The Devil.

but I don't care for that by that Time the Election is past, I shall be able to plead the *Statue of Lamentations*.¹

I could have stayed with the dear Man forever, but when it grew dark, he told me, he was to meet the neighbouring Clergy, to finish the Barrel of Ale they had tapped the other Day, and believed they should not part till three or four in the Morning—So he left me, and I promised to be penitent, and go on with my reading in good Books.

As soon as he was gone, I bethought myself, what Excuse I should make to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and it came into my Head to pretend as how I intended to drown myself; so I stript off one of my Petticoats, and threw it into the Canal; and then I went and hid myself in the Coal-hole, where I lay all Night; and comforted myself with repeating over some Psalms, and other good things, which I had got by heart.

In the Morning Mrs. *Jewkes* and all the Servants were frightened out of their Wits, thinking I had run away; and not devising how they should answer it to their Master. They searched all the likeliest Places they could think of for me, and at last saw my Petticoat floating in the Pond. Then they got a Drag-Net, imagining I was drowned, and intending to drag me out; but at last *Moll* Cook coming for some Coals, discovered me lying all along in no very good Pickle.² Bless me! Mrs. *Pamela*, says she, what can be the Meaning of this? I don't know, says I, help me up, and I will go in to Breakfast, for indeed I am very hungry. Mrs. *Jewkes* came in immediately, and was so rejoiced to find me alive, that she asked with great Good-Humour, where I had been? and how my Petticoat came into the Pond. I answered, I believed the Devil had put it into my Head to drown myself; but it was a Fib; for I never saw the Devil in my Life, nor I don't believe he hath any thing to do with me.³

So much for this Matter. As soon as I had breakfasted, a Coach and Six came to the Door, and who should be in it but my Master.

I immediately run up into my Room, and stript, and washed, and drest my self as well as I could, and put on my prettiest round-ear'd

1 She means, of course, statute of limitations. The Statute of Limitations of 1623 required legal action to recover a debt be brought within six years. Because Booby wants Williams's votes, he won't press him for the £150 until after the election, by which point it will be too late. For a member of the lower clergy like Williams, a debt of £150 is large and an amount that could easily be more than twice his annual salary.

2 Condition or situation (*OED*).

3 See Appendix C.2.iv for the "drowning" scene from *Pamela*.

Cap, and pulled down my Stays, to shew as much as I could of my Bosom, (for Parson *Williams* says, that is the most beautiful part of a Woman) and then I practised over all my Airs before the Glass, and then I sat down and read a Chapter in the Whole Duty of Man.

Then Mrs. *Jewkes* came to me and told me, my Master wanted me below, and says she, Don't behave like a Fool; No, thinks I to my self, I believe I shall find Wit enough for my Master and you too.

So down goes me into the Parlour to him. *Pamela*, says he, the Moment I came in, you see I cannot stay long from you, which I think is a sufficient Proof of the Violence of my Passion. Yes, Sir, says I, I see your Honour intends to ruin me, that nothing but the Destruction of my Vartue will content you.

O what a charming Word that is, rest his Soul who first invented it.

How can you say I would ruin you, answered the Squire, when you shall not ask any thing which I will not grant you. If that be true, says I, good your Honour let me go Home to my poor but honest Parents; that is all I have to ask, and do not ruin a poor Maiden, who is resolved to carry her Vartue to the Grave with her.

Hussy, says he, don't provoke me, don't provoke me, I say. You are absolutely in my power, and if you won't let me lie with you by fair Means, I will by Force. O La, Sir, says I, I don't understand your paw¹ Words.——Very pretty Treatment indeed, says he, to say I use paw Words; Hussy, Gipsie, Hypocrite, Sauce-box, Boldface, get out of my Sight, or I will lend you such a Kick in the — I don't care to repeat the Word, but he meant my hinder part. I was offering to go away, for I was half afraid, when he called me back, and took me round the Neck and kissed me, and then bid me go about my Business.

I went directly into my Room, where Mrs. *Jewkes* came to me soon afterwards. So Madam, says she, you have left my Master below in a fine Pet, he hath threshed two or three of his Men already:² It is mighty pretty that all his Servants are to be punished for your Impertinence.

Harkee, Madam, says I, don't you affront me, for if you do, d——n me (I am sure I have repented for using such a Word) if I am not revenged.

1 Improper, obscene, or nasty.

2 A pet is a fit of ill-humor or peevishness.

*How sweet is Revenge: Sure the Sermon Book is in the Right, in calling it the sweetest Morsel the Devil ever dropped into the Mouth of a Sinner.*¹

Mrs. *Jewkes* remembered the Smart of my Nails too well to go farther, and so we sat down and talked about my Vartue till Dinner-time, and then I was sent for to wait on my Master. I took care to be often caught looking at him, and then I always turn'd away my Eyes and pretended to be ashamed. As soon as the Cloth was removed, he put a Bumper of Champagne into my Hand, and bid me drink—— O la I can't name the Health.² Parson *Williams* may well say he is a wicked Man.

Mrs. *Jewkes* took a Glass and drank the dear *Monysyllable*;³ I don't understand that Word, but I believe it is bawdy. I then drank towards his Honour's good Pleasure. Ay, Hussy, says he, you can give me Pleasure if you will; Sir, says I, I shall be always glad to do what is in my power, and so I pretended not to know what he meant. Then he took me into his Lap.— O Mamma, I could tell you something if I would—and he kissed me—and I said I won't be slobber'd about so, so I won't, and he bid me get out of the Room for a saucy Baggage, and said he had a good mind to spit in my Face.

Sure no Man ever took such a Method to gain a Woman's Heart.

I had not been long in my Chamber before Mrs. *Jewkes* came to me and told me, my Master would not see me any more that Evening, that is, if he can help it; for, added she, I easily perceive the great Ascendant you have over him; and to confess the Truth, I don't doubt but you will shortly be my Mistress.

What says I, dear Mrs. *Jewkes*, what do you say? Don't flatter a poor Girl, it is impossible his Honour can have any honourable Design upon me. And so we talked of honourable Designs till Supper-time. And Mrs. *Jewkes* and I supped together upon a hot buttered Apple-Pie; and about ten o' Clock we went to Bed.

We had not been a Bed half an Hour, when my Master came pit a pat into the Room in his Shirt as before, I pretended not to hear him, and Mrs. *Jewkes* laid hold of one Arm, and he pulled down the

1 Shamela's version of a passage from Robert South (1633–1716), a divine whom Fielding greatly admired. South's original wording reads "Revenge is certainly the most luscious morsel that the devil can put into the sinner's mouth" (Battestin).

2 That is, Booby has made an obscene toast.

3 "A polite slang way of referring to the vulgar name for the female pudendum" (Goldberg).

Bed-cloaths and came into Bed on the other Side, and took my other Arm and laid it under him, and fell a kissing one of my Breasts as if he would have devoured it; I was then forced to awake, and began to struggle with him, Mrs. *Jewkes* crying why don't you do it? I have one Arm secure, if you can't deal with the rest I am sorry for you. He was as rude as possible to me; but I remembered, Mamma, the Instructions you gave me to avoid being ravished, and followed them, which soon brought him to Terms, and he promised me, on quitting my hold, that he would leave the Bed.¹

O Parson Williams; how little are all the Men in the World compared to thee.

My Master was as good as his Word; upon which Mrs. *Jewkes* said, O Sir, I see you know very little of our *Sect*, by parting so easily from the Blessing when you was so near it. No, Mrs. *Jewkes*, answered he, I am very glad no more hath happened, I would not have injured *Pamela* for the World. And to-morrow Morning perhaps she may hear of something to her Advantage. This she may be certain of, that I will never take her by Force, and then he left the Room.

What think you now, Mrs. *Pamela*, says Mrs. *Jewkes*, are you not yet persuaded my Master hath honourable Designs? I think he hath given no great Proof of them to-night, said I. Your Experience I find is not great, says she, but I am convinced you will shortly be my Mistress, and then what will become of poor me.

With such sort of Discourse we both fell asleep. Next Morning early my Master sent for me, and after kissing me, gave a Paper into my Hand which he bid me read; I did so, and found it to be a Proposal for settling 250*l.*² a Year on me, besides several other advantageous Offers, as Presents of Money and other things. Well, *Pamela*, said he, what Answer do you make me to this. Sir, said I, I value my Vartue more than all the World, and I had rather be the poorest Man's Wife, than the richest Man's Whore. You are a Simpleton, said he; That may be, and yet I may have as much Wit as some Folks, cry'd I; meaning me, I suppose, said he; every Man knows himself best, says I. Hussy, says he, get out of the Room, and let me see your saucy Face no more, for I find I am in more Danger than you are, and therefore it shall be my Business to avoid you as much as I can; and it shall be mine, thinks I, at every turn to throw my self in your way. So I went out, and as I parted, I heard him sigh and say he was bewitched.

1 See Appendix B.1 for attempted rape scene in *Pamela*.

2 See Appendix C.2.v. for B.'s original proposals to *Pamela*.

Mrs. *Jewkes* hath been with me since, and she assures me she is convinced I shall shortly be Mistress of the Family, and she really behaves to me, as if she already thought me so. I am resolved now to aim at it. I thought once of making a little Fortune by my Person. I now intend to make a great one by my Vartue. So asking Pardon for this long Scroll, I am,

Your dutiful Daughter,
SHAMELA.

LETTER XI.

HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS *to* SHAMELA ANDREWS.

Dear Sham,

I RECEIVED your last Letter with infinite Pleasure, and am convinced it will be your own Fault if you are not married to your Master, and I would advise you now to take no less Terms. But, my dear Child, I am afraid of one Rock only, That Parson *Williams*, I wish he was out of the Way. A Woman never commits Folly but with such Sort of Men, as by many Hints in the Letters I collect him to be: but, consider my dear Child, you will hereafter have Opportunities sufficient to indulge yourself with Parson *Williams*, or any other you like. My Advice therefore to you is, that you would avoid seeing him any more till the Knot is tied. Remember the first Lesson I taught you, that a Married Woman injures only her Husband, but a Single Woman herself. I am in hopes of seeing you a great Lady,

Your affectionate Mother,
HENRIETTA MARIA, &c.

The following Letter seems to have been written before *Shamela* received the last from her Mother.

LETTER XII.

SHAMELA ANDREWS *to* HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS.

Dear Mamma,

I LITTLE feared when I sent away my last that all my Hopes would be so soon frustrated; but I am certain you will blame Fortune and not me. To proceed then. About two Hours after I had left the Squire, he sent for me into the Parlour. *Pamela*, said he, and takes me gently by the hand, will you walk with me in the Garden; yes, Sir,

says I, and pretended to tremble; but I hope your Honour will not be rude. Indeed, says he, you have nothing to fear from me, and I have something to tell you, which if it doth not please you, cannot offend. We walked out together, and he began thus, *Pamela*, will you tell me Truth? Doth the Resistance you make to my Attempts proceed from Virtue only, or have I not some Rival in thy dear Bosom who might be more successful? Sir, says I, I do assure you I never had a thought of any Man in the World. How says he, not of Parson *Williams*? Parson *Williams*, says I, is the last Man upon Earth; and if I was a Dutchess, and your Honour was to make your Addresses to me, you would have no reason to be jealous of any Rival, especially such a Fellow as Parson *Williams*. If ever I had a Liking, I am sure—but not worthy of you one Way, and no Riches should ever bribe me the other. My Dear, says he, you are worthy of every Thing, and suppose I should lay aside all Considerations of Fortune, and disregard the Censure of the World, and marry you.¹ O Sir, says I, I am sure you can have no such Thoughts, you cannot demean your self so low. Upon my Soul, I am in earnest, says he,—O Pardon me, Sir, says I, you can't persuade me of this. How Mistress, says he, in a violent Rage, do you give me the Lie? Hussy, I have a great mind to box your saucy Ears, but I am resolved I will never put it in your power to affront me again, and therefore I desire you to prepare your self for your Journey this Instant. You deserve no better Vehicle than a Cart; however, for once you shall have a Chariot, and it shall be ready for you within this half Hour; and so he flung from me in a Fury.

What a foolish Thing it is for a Woman to dally too long with her Lover's Desires; how many have owed their being old Maids to their holding out too long.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came me to presently, and told me, I must make ready with all the Expedition imaginable, for that my Master had ordered the Chariot, and that if I was not prepared to go in it, I should be turned out of Doors and left to find my way Home on Foot. This

1 Cf. *Pamela* (213). "Consider the Pride of my Condition. I cannot endure the Thought of Marriage, even with a Person of equal or superior Degree to myself; and have declin'd several Proposals of that kind: How then, with the Distance between us, and in the World's Judgment, can I think of making you my Wife?—Yet I must have you; I cannot bear the Thoughts of any other Man supplanting me in your Affections. And the very Apprehension of that, has made me hate the Name of *Williams*, and use him in a manner unworthy of my Temper."

startled me a little, yet I resolved, whether in the right or wrong, not to submit nor ask Pardon: For that know you, Mamma, you never could your self bring me to from my Childhood: Besides, I thought he would be no more able to master his Passion for me now, than he had been hitherto; and if he sent two Horses away with me, I concluded he would send four to fetch me back. So, truly, I resolved to brazen it out, and with all the Spirit I could muster up, I told Mrs. Jewkes I was vastly pleased with the News she brought me; that no one ever went more readily than I should, from a Place where my Vartue had been in continual Danger. That as for my Master, he might easily get those who were fit for his Purpose; but, for my Part, I preferred my Vartue to all Rakes whatever—And for his Promises, and his Offers to me, I don't value them of a Fig—Not of a Fig, Mrs. Jewkes; and then I snap my Fingers.

Mrs. Jewkes went in with me, and helped me to pack up my little All, which was soon done; being no more than two Day-Caps, two Night-Caps, five Shifts, one Sham, a Hoop, a Quilted-Petticoat, two Flannel-Petticoats, two pair of Stockings, one odd one, a pair of lac'd Shoes, a short flowered Apron, a lac'd Neck-Handkerchief, one Clog, and almost another,¹ and some few Books: as, *A full Answer to a plain and true Account*, &c. *The Whole Duty of Man*, with only the Duty to one's Neighbour, torn out. The Third Volume of the *Atalantis*. *Venus in the Cloyster: Or, the Nun in her Smock*. *God's Dealings with Mr. Whitefield*. *Orfus and Eurydice*. Some Sermon-Books; and two or three Plays, with their Titles, and Part of the first Act torn off.²

So as soon as we had put all this into a Bundle, the Chariot was ready, and I took leave of all the Servants, and particularly Mrs.

1 For the comparable scene in *Pamela*, see Appendix C.2.iii.

2 Shamela's books reveal the peripatetic nature of her morality and reading habits. *A full Answer to a Plain and True Account &c.*, is likely one of the many works written in reply to *A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper* (1735). Richard Allestree's extremely popular *The Whole Duty of Man* (see Appendix D.1) was an important conduct book which contrasts strikingly with "Atalantis" which refers to Delarivier Manley's political *roman à clef*, *Secret Memoirs and Manners of Several Persons of Quality of Both Sexes. From the New Atalantis* (originally published in 1709, but republished in 1736). *Venus in the Cloister; or, The Nun in her Smock* (1683, translated from the French in 1724) caused publisher Edmund Curll to be tried for obscenity in 1725. *Orpheus and Eurydice* was a 1739 opera-pantomime by Lewis Theobald, who was satirized in Pope's 1728 *Dunciad*.

Jewkes, who pretended, I believe, to be more sorry to part with me than she was; and then crying out with an Air of Indifference, my Service to my Master, when he condescends to enquire after me, I flung my self into the Chariot, and bid *Robin* drive on.

We had not gone far, before a Man on Horseback, riding full Speed, overtook us, and coming up to the Side of the Chariot, threw a Letter into the Window, and then departed without uttering a single Syllable.

I immediately knew the Hand of my dear *Williams*, and was somewhat surprized, tho' I did not apprehend the Contents to be so terrible, as by the following exact Copy you will find them.

Parson WILLIAMS to PAMELA.

Dear Mrs. Pamela,

THAT Disrespect for the Clergy which I have formerly noted to you in that Villain your Master, hath now broke forth in a manifest Fact. I was proceeding to my Neighbour *Spruce's* Church, where I purposed to preach a Funeral Sermon, on the Death of Mr. *John Gage*, the Exciseman;¹ when I was met by two Persons who are, it seems, Sheriffs Officers, and arrested for the 150*l.* which your Master had lent me; and unless I can find Bail within these few Days, of which I see no likelihood, I shall be carried to Goal.² This accounts for my not having visited you these two Days; which you might assure yourself, I should not have fail'd, if the *Potestas*³ had not been wanting. If you can by any means prevail on your Master to release me, I beseech you so to do, not scrupling any thing for Righteousness sake. I hear he is just arrived in this Country, I have herewith sent him a Letter, of which I transmit you a Copy. So with Prayers for your Success, I subscribe my self

Your affectionate Friend,
ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

Parson WILLIAMS to Squire BOOBY.

Honoured Sir,

I Am justly surprized to feel so heavy a Weight of your Displeasure, without being conscious of the least Demerit towards so good and

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- 1 An officer employed to collect excise duties and prevent infringement of the excise laws.
 - 2 Booby can have Williams imprisoned for failure to pay his debt.
 - 3 Power, with a pun on the idea of sexual potency.

generous a Patron, as I have ever found you: For my own Part, I can truly say,

*Nil conscire sibi nullae pallescere culpae.*¹

And therefore, as this Proceeding is so contrary to your usual Goodness, which I have often experienced, and more especially in the Loan of this Money for which I am now arrested; I cannot avoid thinking some malicious Persons have insinuated false Suggestions against me; intending thereby, to eradicate those Seeds of Affection which I have hardly travailed to sowe in your Heart, and which promised to produce such excellent Fruit. If I have any ways offended you, Sir, be graciously pleased to let me know it, and likewise to point out to me, the Means whereby I may reinstate myself in your Favour: For next to him, whom the Great themselves must bow down before, I know none to whom I shall bend with more Lowliness than your Honour. Permit me to subscribe myself,

Honoured Sir,
Your most obedient, and most obliged,
And most dutiful humble Servant,
ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

The Fate of poor Mr. *Williams* shocked me more than my own: For, as the *Beggar's Opera* says, *Nothing moves one so much as a great Man in Distress.*² And to see a Man of his Learning forced to submit so low, to one whom I have often heard him say, he despises, is, I think, a most affecting Circumstance. I write all this to you, Dear Mamma, at the Inn where I lie this first Night, and as I shall send it immedi-

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- 1 Horace, Epistle I. *nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa*: "To be conscious of no fault, to turn pale at no accusation." It seems possible that Fielding is also making an off-handed slight against Walpole. In 1741 Sir Robert Walpole, defending himself in Parliament against an impeachment proceeding brought by William Pulteney, concluded with this line from Horace. "*Nil conscire sibi nulli pallescere culpae*," transposing the dative and the ablative. Pulteney leapt at once—but to correct the grammar of the Horatian tag: "Your Latin is as bad as your logic: *nulla pallescere culpa!*"
 - 2 In Act Three, scene 15, of John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* (1728), Lucy Lockit observes: "There is nothing moves one so much as a great Man in Distress." While Lucy is referring to Macheath's imprisonment, any references to "the Great Man" during this period also refer to Prime Minister Robert Walpole. "Great Man" was his moniker among the satirists and is certainly part of Fielding's commentary as well.

ately, by the Post, it will be in Town a little before me.—Don't let my coming away vex you: For, as my Master will be in Town in a few Days, I shall have an Opportunity of seeing him; and let the worst come to the worst, I shall be sure of my Settlement at last. Which is all, from

Your Dutiful Daughter,
SHAMELA.

P S. Just as I was going to send this away a Letter is come from my Master, desiring me to return, with a large Number of Promises.—I have him now as sure as a Gun, as you will perceive by the Letter itself, which I have inclosed to you.

This Letter is unhappily lost, as well as the next which *Shamela* wrote, and which contained an Account of all the Proceedings previous to her Marriage. The only remaining one which I could preserve, seems to have been written about a Week after the Ceremony was perform'd, and is as follows:

SHAMELA BOOBY to HENRIETTA MARIA HONORA ANDREWS.

Madam,

IN my last I left off at our sitting down to Supper on our Wedding Night,* where I behaved with as much Bashfulness as the purest Virgin in the World could have done. The most difficult Task for me was to blush; however, by holding my Breath, and squeezing my Cheeks with my Handkerchief, I did pretty well. My Husband was extreamly eager and impatient to have Supper removed, after which he gave me leave to retire into my Closet for a Quarter of an Hour, which was very agreeable to me; for I employed that time in writing to Mr. *Williams*, who, as I informed you in my last, is released, and presented to the Living, upon the Death of the last Parson. Well, at last I went to Bed, and my Husband soon leap'd in after me; where I shall only assure you, I acted my Part in such a manner, that no Bridegroom was ever better satisfied with his Bride's Virginity. And to confess the Truth, I might have been well enough satisfied too, if I had never been acquainted with Parson *Williams*.

O what regard Men who marry Widows should have to the Qualifications of their former Husbands.

* This was the Letter which is lost. [Fielding's note.]

We did not rise the next Morning till eleven, and then we sat down to Breakfast; I eat two Slices of Bread and Butter, and drank three Dishes of Tea, with a good deal of Sugar, and we both look'd very silly. After Breakfast we drest our selves, he in a blue Camlet Coat, very richly lac'd, and Breeches of the same; with a Paduasoy Waistcoat,¹ laced with Silver; and I, in one of my Mistress's Gowns. I will have finer when I come to Town.² We then took a Walk in the Garden, and he kissed me several times, and made me a Present of 100 Guineas, which I gave away before Night to the Servants, twenty to one, and ten to another, and so on.

We eat a very hearty Dinner, and about eight in the Evening went to Bed again. He is prodigiously fond of me; but I don't like him half so well as my dear *Williams*. The next Morning we rose earlier, and I asked him for another hundred Guineas, and he gave them me. I sent fifty to Parson *Williams*, and the rest I gave away, two Guineas to a Beggar, and three to a Man riding along the Road, and the rest to other People. I long to be in *London* that I may have an Opportunity of laying some out, as well as giving away. I believe I shall buy every thing I see. What signifies having Money if one doth not spend it.

The next Day, as soon as I was up, I asked him for another Hundred. Why, my Dear, says he, I don't grudge you any thing, but how was it possible for you to lay out the other two Hundred here. La! Sir, says I, I hope I am not obliged to give you an Account of every Shilling; Troth, that will be being your Servant still. I assure you, I married you with no such view, besides did not you tell me I should be Mistress of your Estate? And I will be too. For tho' I brought no Fortune, I am as much your Wife as if I had brought a Million——yes, but, my Dear, says he, if you had brought a Million, you would spend it all at this rate; besides, what will your Expences be in *London*, if they are so great here. Truly, says I, Sir, I shall live like other Ladies of my Fashion; and if you think, because I was a Servant, that I shall be contented to be governed as you please, I will shew you, you are mistaken. If you had not cared to marry me, you might have let it alone. I did not ask you, nor I did not court you. Madam, says he, I don't value a Hundred Guineas to oblige you; but this is a Spir-

1 Camblet or camlet is the name originally applied to a beautiful and costly eastern fabric, and afterwards to imitations of the same. Paduasoy is a strong corded or gross-grain silk fabric. In *Pamela*, Mr. B. wears "a fine laced silk Waistcoat, of blue Paduasoy" (487).

2 Go to London.

it which I did not expect in you, nor did I ever see any Symptoms of it before. O but Times are altered now, I am your Lady, Sir; yes to my Sorrow, says he, I am afraid—and I am afraid to my Sorrow too: For if you begin to use me in this manner already, I reckon you will beat me before a Month's at an End. I am sure if you did, it would injure me less than this barbarous Treatment; upon which I burst into Tears, and pretended to fall into a Fit. This frightened him out of his wits, and he called up the Servants. Mrs. *Jewkes* immediately came in, and she and another of the Maids fell heartily to rubbing my Temples, and holding Smelling-Bottles to my Nose. Mrs. *Jewkes* told him she fear'd I should never recover, upon which he began to beat his Breasts, and cried out, O my dearest Angel, curse on my passionate Temper, I have destroy'd her, I have destroy'd her!—would she had spent my whole Estate rather than this had happened. Speak to me, my Love, I will melt my self into Gold for thy Pleasure. At last having pretty well tired my self with counterfeiting, and imagining I had continu'd long enough for my purpose in the sham Fit, I began to move my Eyes, to loosen my Teeth, and to open my Hands, which Mr. *Booby* no sooner perceived than he embraced and kissed me with the eagerest Extacy, asked my Pardon on his Knees for what I had suffered through his Folly and Perverseness, and without more Questions fetched me the Money. I fancy I have effectually prevented any farther Refusals or Inquiry into my Expences. It would be hard indeed that a Woman who marries a Man only for his Money should be debarred from spending it.

Well, after all things were quiet, we sat down to Breakfast, yet I resolved not to smile once, nor to say one good-natured, or good-humoured Word on any Account.

Nothing can be more prudent in a Wife, than a sullen Backwardness to Reconciliation; it makes a Husband fearful of offending by the Length of his Punishment.

When we were drest, the Coach was by my Desire ordered for an Airing, which we took in it. A long Silence prevailed on both Sides, tho' he constantly squeezed my Hand, and kissed me, and used other Familiarities, which I peevishly permitted. At last, I opened my Mouth first.—And so, says I, you are sorry you are married?—Pray, my Dear, says he, forget what I said in a Passion. Passion, says I, is apter to discover our Thoughts than to teach us to counterfeit. Well, says he, whether you will believe me or no, I solemnly vow, I would not change thee for the richest Woman in the Universe. No, I warrant you, says I; and yet you could refuse me a nasty hundred Pound. At these very Words, I saw Mr. *Williams* riding as fast as he could

across a Field; and I looked out, and saw a Lease¹ of Greyhounds coursing a Hare, which they presently killed, and I saw him alight, and take it from them.

My Husband ordered *Robin* to drive towards him, and looked horribly out of Humour, which I presently imputed to Jealousy. So I began with him first; for that is the wisest way. La, Sir, says I; what makes you look so Angry and Grim? Doth the Sight of Mr. *Williams* give you all this Uneasiness? I am sure, I would never have married a Woman of whom I had so bad an Opinion, that I must be uneasy at every Fellow she looks at. My Dear, answer'd he, you injure me extremely, you was not in my Thoughts, nor, indeed, could be, while they were covered by so morose a Countenance; I am justly angry with that Parson, whose Family hath been raised from the Dunghill by ours; and who hath received from me twenty Kindnesses, and yet is not contented to destroy the Game in all other Places, which I freely give him leave to do; but hath the Impudence to pursue a few Hares, which I am desirous to preserve, round about this little Cop-pice.² Look, my Dear, pray look, says he; I believe he is going to turn Higler.³ To confess the Truth, he had no less than three ty'd up behind his Horse, and a fourth he held in his Hand.

Pshaw, says I, I wish all the Hares in the Country were d——d (the Parson himself chid me afterwards for using the Word, tho' it was in his Service.) Here's a Fuss, indeed, about a nasty little pitiful Creature, that is not half so useful as a Cat. You shall not persuade me, that a Man of your Understanding, would quarrel with a Clergyman for such a Trifle. No, no, I am the Hare, for whom poor Parson *Williams* is persecuted; and Jealousy is the Motive. If you had married one of your Quality Ladies, she would have had Lovers by dozens, she would so; but because you have taken a Servant-Maid, forsooth! You are jealous if she but looks (and then I began to Water) at a poor P—a—a—rson in his Pu—u—u—lpit, and then out burst a Flood of Tears.

My Dear, said he, for Heaven's sake dry your Eyes, and don't let him be a Witness of your Tears, which I should be sorry to think

1 Three.

2 A small wood or thicket consisting of underwood and small trees grown for the purpose of periodical cutting. Booby is suggesting that Williams is trying to poach the hares. For a comprehensive discussion of poaching, and the gravity with which it was taken, see E.P. Thompson, *Whigs and Hunters: The Origin of the Black Act* (New York: Pantheon, 1975).

3 A peddler, specifically of game, poultry or produce.

might be imputed to my Unkindness; I have already given you some Proofs that I am not jealous of this Parson; I will now give you a very strong One: For I will mount my Horse, and you shall take *Williams* into the Coach. You may be sure, this Motion¹ pleased me, yet I pretended to make as light of it as possible, and told him, I was sorry his Behaviour had made some such glaring Instance, necessary to the perfect clearing my Character.

He soon came up to Mr. *Williams*, who had attempted to ride off, but was prevented by one of our Horsemen, whom my Husband sent to stop him. When we met, my Husband asked him how he did with a very good humoured Air, and told him he perceived he had found good Sport that Morning. He answered pretty moderate, Sir; for that he had found the three Hares tied on to the Saddle dead in a Ditch (winking on me at the same Time) and added he was sorry there was such a Rot² among them.

Well, says Mr. *Booby*, if you please, Mr. *Williams*, you shall come in and ride with my Wife. For my own part, I will mount on Horseback; for it is fine Weather, and besides, it doth not become me to loll³ in a Chariot, whilst a Clergyman rides on Horseback.

At which Words, Mr. *Booby* leap'd out, and Mr. *Williams* leap'd in, in an Instant, telling my Husband as he mounted, he was glad to see such a Reformation, and that if he continued his Respect to the Clergy, he might assure himself of Blessings from above.

It was now that the Airing began to grow pleasant to me. Mr. *Williams*, who never had but one Fault, *viz.* that he generally smells of Tobacco, was now perfectly sweet; for he had for two Days together enjoined himself as a Penance not to smoke till he had kissed my Lips. I will loosen you from that Obligation, says I, and observing my Husband looking another way, I gave him a charming Kiss, and then he asked me Questions concerning my Wedding-night; this actually made me blush: I vow I did not think it had been in him.

As he went along, he began to discourse very learnedly, and told me the Flesh and the Spirit were too distinct Matters, which had not the least relation to each other. That all immaterial Substances (those were his very Words) such as Love, Desire, and so forth, were guided by the Spirit: But fine Houses, large Estates, Coaches, and dainty Entertainments were the Product of the Flesh. Therefore, says he, my

1 Proposal.

2 A virulent liver disease usually affecting sheep.

3 To rest or recline in a relaxed attitude.

Dear, you have two Husbands, one the Object of your Love, and to satisfy your Desire; the other the Object of your Necessity, and to furnish you with those other Conveniencies. (I am sure I remember every Word, for he repeated it three Times; O he is very good whenever I desire him to repeat a thing to me three times he always doth it!) as then the Spirit is preferable to the Flesh, so am I preferable to your other Husband, to whom I am antecedent in Time likewise. I say these things, my Dear, (said he) to satisfie your Conscience. A Fig for my Conscience, said I, when shall I meet you again in the Garden?

My Husband now rode up to the Chariot, and asked us how we did—I hate the Sight of him. Mr. *Williams* answered very well, at your Service. They then talked of the Weather, and other things, I wished him gone again, every Minute; but all in vain I had no more Opportunity of conversing with Mr. *Williams*.

Well; at Dinner Mr. *Booby* was very civil to Mr. *Williams*, and told him he was sorry for what had happened, and would make him sufficient Amends, if in his power, and desired him to accept of a Note for fifty Pounds; which he was so *good* to receive, notwithstanding all that had past, and told Mr. *Booby*, he hop'd he would be forgiven, and that he would pray for him.

We make a charming Fool of him, i'fackins;¹ Times are finely altered, I have entirely got the better of him, and am resolved never to give him his Humour.

O how foolish it is in a Woman, who hath once got the Reins into her own Hand, ever to quit them again.

After Dinner Mr. *Williams* drank the Church *et caetera*; and smiled on me; when my Husband's Turn came, he drank *et caetera* and the Church; for which he was very severely rebuked by Mr. *Williams* it being a high Crime, it seems, to name any thing before the Church. I do not know what *Et cetera* is, but I believe it is something concerning chusing Pallament Men; for I asked if it was not a Health to Mr. *Booby's* Borough, and Mr. *Williams* with a hearty Laugh answered, Yes, Yes, it is his Borough we mean.²

I slipt out as soon as I could, hoping Mr. *Williams* would finish the Squire, as I have heard him say he could easily do, and come to me; but it happened quite otherwise, for in about half an Hour,

1 In faith.

2 Throughout this paragraph, as throughout the text as a whole, Shamela not only misses the punning language Williams and Booby use about her (not recognizing that she is the butt of this linguistic joke), but also lacks control of her sexuality about which they joke.

Booby came to me, and told me he had left Mr. *Williams*, the Mayor of his Borough, and two or three Aldermen heartily at it, and asked me if I would go hear *Williams* sing a Catch,¹ which, added he, he doth to a Miracle.

Every Opportunity of seeing my dear *Williams*, was agreeable to me, which indeed I scarce had at this Time; for when we returned, the whole Corporation were got together, and the Room was in a Cloud of Tobacco; Parson *Williams* was at the upper End of the Table, and he hath pure round cherry Cheeks, and his Face look'd all the World to nothing like the Sun in a Fog. If the Sun had a Pipe in his Mouth, there would be no Difference.

I began now to grow uneasy, apprehending I should have no more of Mr. *Williams*'s Company that Evening, and not at all caring for my Husband, I advised him to sit down and drink for his Country with the rest of the Company; but he refused, and desired me to give him some Tea; swearing nothing made him so sick, as to hear a Parcel of Scoundrels, roaring forth the Principles of honest Men over their Cups, when, says he, I know most of them are such empty Blockheads, that they don't know their right Hand from their left, and that Fellow there, who hath talked so much of *Shipping*, at the left Side of the Parson, in whom they all place a Confidence, if I don't take care, will sell them to my Adversary.²

I don't know why I mention this Stuff to you; for I am sure I know nothing about *Pollitricks*,³ more than Parson *Williams* tells me,

1 Originally, a short composition for three or more voices which sing the same melody as a round. Subsequently, especially applied to rounds in which the words are so arranged as to produce ludicrous effects, one singer catching at the words of another (*OED*). Here, and throughout, *Williams*'s professional and political ambitions take precedence over his relationship with *Shamela*.

2 "An allusion to a recent disaster for the opposition. Six weeks before the publication of *Shamela*, a motion to remove Walpole failed overwhelmingly when many Tories deserted the opposition. Some of them actually voted against the motion, but the departure before the vote of veteran Jacobite leader William Shippen (1673–1743) and thirty-four followers caused more comment. The widely respected and incorruptible though not always sober, Shippen (who sat with other opposition leaders on the left of the Speaker) was suspected by some of taking a bribe. Sheridan Baker points out that Walpole's son Horace wrote 'Shippen' here in the margin of his copy" (Goldberg 302).

3 Politics.

who says that the Court-side are in the right on't, and that every Christian ought to be on the same with the Bishops.

When we had finished our Tea, we walked in the Garden till it was dark, and then my Husband proposed, instead of returning to the Company, (which I desired, that I might see Parson *Williams* again,) to sup in another Room by our selves, which, for fear of making him jealous, and considering too, that Parson *Williams* would be pretty far gone, I was obliged to consent to.

O! what a devilish Thing it is, for a Woman to be obliged to go to Bed to a spindle-shanked young Squire, she doth not like, when there is a jolly Parson in the same House she is fond of.

In the Morning I grew very peevish, and in the Dumps, notwithstanding all he could say or do to please me. I exclaimed against the Privilege of Husbands, and vowed I would not be pulled and tumbled about. At last he hit on the only Method, which could have brought me into Humour, and proposed to me a Journey to *London*, within a few Days. This you may easily guess pleased me; for besides the Desire which I have of shewing my self forth, of buying fine Cloaths, Jewels, Coaches, Houses, and ten thousand other fine things, Parson *Williams* is, it seems, going thither too, to be *instituted*.¹

O! what a charming Journey I shall have; for I hope to keep the dear Man in the Chariot with me all the way; and that foolish Booby (for that is the Name Mr. Williams hath set him) will ride on Horseback.

So as I shall have an Opportunity of seeing you so shortly, I think I will mention no more Matters to you now. O I had like to have forgot one very material thing; which is that it will look horribly, for a Lady of my Quality and Fashion, to own such a Woman as you for my Mother. Therefore we must meet in private only, and if you will never claim me, nor mention me to any one, I will always allow you what is very handsome. Parson *Williams* hath greatly advised me in this, and says, he thinks I should do very well to lay out twenty Pounds, and set you up in a little Chandler's Shop;² but you must remember all my Favours to you will depend on your Secrecy; for I am positively resolved, I will not be known to be your Daughter; and if you tell any one so, I shall deny it with all my Might, which Parson *Williams* says, I may do with a safe Conscience, being now a married Woman. So I rest

Your humble Servant

SHAMELA.

1 Instituted, i.e. into his new benefice that has been given to him by Booby.

2 A chandler is one who makes or sells candles.

P S. The strangest Fancy hath enter'd into my Booby's Head, that can be imagined. He is resolved to have a Book made about him and me; he proposed it to Mr. *Williams*, and offered him a Reward for his Pains; but he says he never writ any thing of that kind, but will recommend my Husband, when he comes to Town, to a Parson *who does that Sort of Business for Folks*, one who can make my Husband, and me, and Parson *Williams*, to be all great People; for he *can make black white*, it seems. Well, but they say my Name is to be altered, Mr. *Williams*, says the first Syllabub¹ hath too comical a Sound, so it is to be changed into *Pamela*; I own I can't imagine what can be said; for to be sure I shan't confess any of my Secrets to them, and so I whispered Parson *Williams* about that, who answered me, I need not give my self any Trouble: for the Gentleman *who writes Lives*, never asked more than a few Names of his Customers, and that he made all the rest out of his own Head; you mistake, Child, said he, if you apprehend any Truths are to be delivered. So far on the contrary, if you had not been acquainted with the Name, you would not have known it to be your own History. I have seen a *Piece of his Performance*, where the Person, whose Life was written, could he have risen from the Dead again, would not have even suspected he had been aimed at, unless by the Title of the Book, which was superscribed with his Name. Well, all these Matters are strange to me, yet I can't help laughing, to think I shall see my self in a printed Book.

So much for Mrs. *Shamela*, or *Pamela*, which I have taken Pains to transcribe from the Originals, sent down by her Mother in a Rage, at the Proposal in her last Letter. The Originals themselves are in my Hands, and shall be communicated to you, if you think proper to make them publick; and certainly they will have their Use. The Character of *Shamela*, will make young Gentlemen wary how they take the most fatal Step both to themselves and Families, by youthful, hasty and improper Matches; indeed, they may assure themselves, that all such Prospects of Happiness are vain and delusive, and that they sacrifice all the solid Comforts of their Lives, to a very transient Satisfaction of a Passion, which how hot so ever it be, will be soon cooled; and when cooled, will afford them nothing but Repentance.²

1 Shamela confuses syllable, which is intended, with syllabub, a drink or dish made of milk or cream, curdled by the admixture of wine or cider, often sweetened and flavored.

2 This echoes one of Haywood's main points in *Anti-Pamela*.

Can any thing be more miserable, than to be despised by the whole World, and that must certainly be the Consequence; to be despised by the Person obliged, which it is more than probable will be the Consequence, and of which, we see an Instance in *Shamela*; and lastly to despise one's self, which must be the Result of any Reflection on so weak and unworthy a Choice.

As to the Character of Parson *Williams*, I am sorry it is a true one. Indeed those who do not know him, will hardly believe it so; but what Scandal doth it throw on the Order to have one bad Member, unless they endeavour to screen¹ and protect him? In him you see a Picture of almost every Vice exposed in nauseous and odious Colours; and if a Clergyman would ask me by what Pattern he should form himself, I would say, Be the reverse of *Williams*:² So far therefore he may be of use to the Clergy themselves, and though God forbid there should be many *Williams*'s amongst them, you and I are too honest to pretend, that the Body wants no Reformation.

To say the Truth, I think no greater Instance of the contrary can be given than that which appears in your Letter. The confederating to cry up a nonsensical ridiculous Book, (I believe the most extensively so of any ever yet published,) and to be so weak and so wicked as to pretend to make it a Matter of Religion; whereas so far from having any moral Tendency, the Book is by no means innocent:³ For,

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- 1 For an eighteenth-century reader the term "screen" would immediately summon thoughts of Robert Walpole, who earned the title "screenmaster general" for his ability to screen his political allies, particularly from the fallout of the South Sea Bubble in 1720.
 - 2 In *The Champion* (19 April 1740) Fielding includes a description of what a clergyman is *not* that resembles Williams: "a Man of loose Morals, proud, malevolent, vain, rapacious, and revengeful; not grieving at, but triumphing over the Sins of Men, and rejoicing, like the Devil, that they will be punished for them; deaf to the Cries of the Poor; shunning the Distress'd; blind to Merit; a Magnifier and Spreader of Slander; not shunning the Society of the Wicked for Fear of Contamination, but from Hypocrisy and Vain Glory; hating not Vice but the Vicious; resenting not only an Injury, but the least Affront with Inveteracy. Let us suppose this Man feasting himself luxuriously at the Tables of the Great, where he is suffered at the Expense of flattering their Vices, and often too, as meanly submitting to see himself and his Order, nay often Religion itself, ridiculed, whilst, that he may join in the Burgundy, he joins in the Laugh, or rather is laughed at by the Fools he flatters."
 - 3 One of Fielding's key points.

First, There are many lascivious Images in it, very improper to be laid before the Youth of either Sex.

2dly, Young Gentlemen are here taught, that to marry their Mother's Chambermaids, and to indulge the Passion of Lust, at the Expence of Reason and Common Sense, is an Act of Religion, Virtue, and Honour; and, indeed the surest Road to Happiness.

3dly, All Chambermaids are strictly enjoined to look out after their Masters; they are taught to use little Arts to that purpose: And lastly, are countenanced in Impertinence to their Superiors, and in betraying the Secrets of Families.

4thly, In the Character of Mrs. *Jewkes* Vice is rewarded; whence every Housekeeper may learn the Usefulness of pimping and bawdling for her Master.

5thly, In Parson *Williams*, who is represented as a faultless Character, we see a busy Fellow, intermeddling with the private Affairs of his Patron, whom he is very ungratefully forward to expose and condemn on every Occasion.

Many more Objections might, if I had Time or Inclination, be made to this Book; but I apprehend, what hath been said is sufficient to persuade you of the use which may arise from publishing an Antidote to this Poison. I have therefore sent you the Copies of these Papers, and if you have Leisure to communicate them to the Press, I will transmit you the Originals, tho' I assure you, the Copies are exact.

I shall only add, that there is not the least Foundation for any thing which is said of Lady *Davers*, or any of the other Ladies; all that is merely to be imputed to the Invention of the Biographer. I have particularly enquired after Lady *Davers*, and don't hear Mr. *Booby* hath such a Relation, or that there is indeed any such Person existing. I am,

Dear Sir,
Most faithfully and respectfully,
Your humble Servant,
J. OLIVER.

Parson TICKLETEXT to Parson OLIVER.

Dear SIR,

I Have read over the History of *Shamela*, as it appears in those authentick Copies you favour'd me with, and am very much ashamed of the Character, which I was hastily prevailed on to give that Book. I am equally angry with the pert Jade herself, and with

the Author of her Life: For I scarce know yet to whom I chiefly owe an Imposition, which hath been so general, that if Numbers could defend me from Shame, I should have no Reason to apprehend it.

As I have your implied Leave to publish, what you so kindly sent me, I shall not wait for the Originals, as you assure me the Copies are exact, and as I am really impatient to do what I think a serviceable Act of Justice to the World.

Finding by the End of her last Letter, that the little Hussy was in Town, I made it pretty much my Business to enquire after her, but with no effect hitherto: As soon as I succeed in this Enquiry, you shall hear what Discoveries I can learn. You will pardon the Shortness of this Letter, as you shall be troubled with a much longer very soon: And believe me,

Dear Sir,
Your most faithful Servant,
THO. TICKLETEXT.

P. S. Since I writ, I have a certain Account, that Mr. *Booby* hath caught his Wife in bed with *Williams*; hath turned her off, and is prosecuting him in the spiritual Court.¹

FINIS.

1 A court having jurisdiction in matters of religion or ecclesiastical affairs; matrimonial matters would also come under its authority.